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false oath—estimable citizens, you have already taken the civic oath, which all men worthy to be free, have looked on rather as an enjoyment, than as a duty; you have not taken God to witness, but you have attested your conscience; and is not a pure conscience, a cloudless sky? Is not this part in man a ray of the divinity?

You say again, that an article of your religion forbids you to bear arms, and to kill, under any pretext whatever. It is without doubt a fine philosophic principle, which he who holds forth in some measure deifies humanity; but consider whether self-defence, and that of our neighbour, be not also a religious duty—You would then have to sink under tyrants! Since we have acquired liberty for you, and for us, why will you refuse to preserve it.

Your brethren of Pennsylvania, if they had been nearer savages, would they have let them destroy their wives, their children, and their old men, rather than repulse the violence? and stupid tyrants, ferocious conquerors, are they not also savages? The assembly will discuss all your demands in its wisdom, and if ever I meet a Quaker, I'll say to him, "My brother, if thou hast a right of being free, thou hast a right to hinder thyself from being made a slave."

"Since thou lovest thy neighbour, do not let him be destroyed by tyranny; that would be to kill him thyself.—Wishest thou for peace? Well! it is weakness which causes war. A general resistance would be universal peace."

The Assembly invites you to assist at its council.

For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.

RAMBLE, IN 1809,

(Continued from page 183.)

LEAVING Larne, I crossed by a bridge the small river, called In-

BELFAST MAG. NO. XXXIII.

ver. (which here divides the estates of the Marquis of Donegall, and Countess of Antrim), and entered the parish of the same name, which is now united in the established church to that of Larne. In this parish was anciently an abbey of Friar's Cisterrians of St. Augustine, which was dissolved at the general dissolution of monastic houses, about the year 1542, and was afterwards, with its appurtenances, granted by James I. to Sir Arthur Chichester:—at present not a vestige remains. The road here wound agreeably along the shore of Larne lough; the land on the right bold and broken, and here and there covered with shrubs, among which some cattle were browsing: where the ground was broken, limestone generally appeared, and a considerable quantity of it is annually exported to Scotland. The horn of a deer was found a few years ago in a mass of this limestone. Here is a well in which is found, among its pebbles, some bones of animals or fish, completely petrified: when broken and put into vinegar, they evince an attractive quality, from which this spring is usually called the vinegar well. I now came in sight of the irregular hamlet of Glynn, which has truly a rural appearance, from its secluded situation, and the houses, chequered with trees gardens and cornfields, presenting to the eye a scene highly rural and romantic. Some of the houses were pretty neat, and I could not avoid repeating with the poet, "Ah! that for me some home like these would smile." This place was anciently called Linn, signifying a pool of water, and here St. Patrick founded an abbey, of which St. Darerca his sister was abbess; some ruins of its chapel still remain; the abbey with its lands were granted by James I. to Sir Arthur Chichester, by the title of the Chapel of Glynn. Novem-

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ber, 4th, 1597, a sharp conflict took place here between the English forces, commanded by Sir John Chichester, Governor of Carrickfergus, and the Irish and Scots, commanded by James Mac Sorley Mac Donnel, (afterwards Earl of Antrim); the English were defeated with great slaughter, and Sir John Chichester being taken prisoner, was beheaded by Mac Donnel on the field of battle. I here quitted the main-road, and ascended by a cross one into that leading from Larne to Carrickfergus, by the way of Gleno; and the country presenting nothing striking, I soon reached the latter place. This hamlet is agreeably situated in a deep dell, through which runs a small river, on which is a beautiful cascade, adjoining the hamlet. The proprietors of this place, G. A. McClaverty, and J. A. Farrel, esqrs. seem to have vied with each other in adorning the banks of this river near the cascade, by laying it out into delightful walks, planted with a variety of trees and shrubs, the foliage of which in many places nearly excluded the rays of the sun. The sombre tints of autumn was visible on each leaf, and announced, that

“Summer’s painted foliage fades away.”

The constant murmuring of the cascade, the noise of the river gurgling down its rocky channel, and the soothing stillness that ran through the scene gave a pleasing melancholy charm to the whole; which was only now and then interrupted by the murmurs of the breeze, that seemed to sigh over the tops of the tallest trees; the scene infused a kind of awe on my mind, I felt “smit with the love of poesy and of song,” and sat down beneath the brow of a fractured rock, and wrote the following lines:

Reader, if you have a taste,
For sylvan dells, where cascades flow,
Here is a spot sure will you charm,
The rural dell of fair Gleno.

Here nature with a liberal hand,
Has clad the cliffs where eddies flow,
While art has added much to deck,
The pleasing streamlet of Gleno.

The trees here form a verdant arch,
A canopy, that does shade so,
That Phoebus’ beams can scarcely pierce
The lovely arbours of Gleno.

The limpid stream from rock to rock,
Incessant falls, as white as snow,
Then rumbling with inflected course,
Winds down the meads of sweet Gleno.

Reader, if solitude has power
To sooth your mind, from things below,
This spot to you will be right dear,
You’ll feel the magic of Gleno.

Just as I had finished these lines, the voices of people in the opposite walks drew my attention; I arose and immediately left the place, as the gloom of evening was now visibly approaching. The road I took was steep, and much broken up, to remedy which, a new one has been lately made, which avoids the hills of the former, and renders it much easier for loaded carts, &c. I had almost forgot to mention, that the ancient boundary of the corporation of Carrickfergus extended to Johnston’s-ford, near Gleno; even in 1768, the late Marquis of Donegall rode the franchises to this place, touching the water-wheel of the corn-mill with his wand. The general appearance of the country here is indifferent, being nearly destitute of planting; the soil a light mould, approaching a moory nature, mostly incumbent on rock or gravel. After travelling about a mile, I entered the county of the town of Carrickfergus, the country here was still more indifferent, in many places covered with heath, which was now truly “unprofitably gay,” its purple tints were set off by the glow of evening

and the long slanting beams of the sun, which recalled to my recollection the following lines :

"The broad sun verging on the close of day,
A fuller red beams o'er th' etherial plain,
The streaky clouds attend his last bright ray,
And silver Vesper leads his starry train."

The Picts are said to have made *ale* from heath, or heather; what a rare article for taxation we have lost, by the stupidity of our ancestors! Entering the commons of Carrickfergus, I came in sight of Loughmorn, literally Lough-mor, *i. e.* the great lough, being about a mile and a quarter long, and at a mean about half a mile broad, and is said to be the largest sheet of water of the same altitude in Ireland, being 566 feet above the level of Carrickfergus bay. The gloom of evening was now spreading fast over the landscape, so I did not halt to make any observation, but hastened home, where I soon arrived, both tired and pleased with my journey.

Carrickfergus.

S. MS.

For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.

ON THE REFORMATION OF CRIMINALS.

ON reading an account in the public papers of so many acquittals at Carrickfergus assizes, most of which took place, for want of prosecution; I was led to regret the present state of our laws, with respect to the punishment of offenders, and perfectly agree in the sentiment, that if the mode of punishment was changed, prosecutions would be more certain, and the offender, instead of being turned loose to molest again the peace of society, would meet with punishment proportionate to the offence he has committed, and might

by a course of proper treatment be restored to usefulness.

According to the present mode of punishment, death is in many cases the certain consequence of prosecutions, and many people feel a reluctance in coming forward to prosecute in a transaction, where the least idea is entertained that the proceedings may terminate in the death of the unhappy culprit. Thus, offenders often escape, and are as it were encouraged to proceed in their old habits, if not to greater lengths than ever.

The country swarms with shop-lifters and pick-pockets, and it requires some effectual means to endeavour to lessen the number. The mode hitherto used, has not had the desired effect. Neither transportation nor punishment by death seems to diminish the number of crimes. It is I believe generally agreed that death is too severe a punishment for petty offences, and many entertain the opinion that the life should not be taken on any account, even for crimes the most enormous, with which latter sentiment I fully unite. And in my view of the subject the mode of transportation appears to me to carry with it many serious objections. The dispositions of those transported are not likely to be much improved by the measure. The country to be sure is well rid of the nuisance, but I do think that in the carrying on of prosecutions against delinquents some view should be had to something better than merely to get rid of the annoyance, without adopting some measure that might in some degree tend to their future amendment; and how far the present system of our Jails, or mode of transportation is adapted to that end, we are all pretty sensible.

I expect that very few instances could be produced of individuals